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with his cane. It was a golf ball. William W. smiled. So old man Cummings was playing golf, and somewhere not far inside that wall! He wondered if he could look over the wall, anyway at all. Perhaps with a pile of logs, he could get up, and—

"Where did your ball go, Mr. Cummings?"
"Over the wall, confound it! And not another one in my pocket!"

"Well, what do you say?"
"Why, Doc, I think I could get over the wall and find it. I guess I will."

"Don't take any such chance. Let me."
"No, I'll do it!"
"Let me!"

"Oh, what's the matter with you? There's nobody at this end of the place, and—"

"I'll beat you over—"

At first, as William W. heard this conversation floating over the wall, he had been able to distinguish two voices, one of which was, of course, that of the hiding trust magnate, and the other, with equal probability, that of Dr. Twombly. But as the argument as to which should follow the missing golf ball grew more rapid, he could not tell where one voice left off and the other began.

But before he had a chance to hear any more, a scramble was heard, and William W. darted into the protection of the wall just below where a pair of legs, incased in golf stockings and heavy shoes, came over the top, one after the other, to be followed by the rest of a personage. From the other side of the wall he could hear a warning, "Look out!" Then the figure on the wall said, "All right—I see the ball," there was a slipping, sliding sound, and the next moment the legs were hanging dangling over the wall, as well as two gesticulating arms, and William W., looking up, discovered, impaled by the seat of his golfing knickerbockers on a spike on top of the wall, an elderly gentleman, with a very red face, grabbing frantically at the air in an effort to extricate himself from his predicament.

He was facing the other way from William W.; hence he did not see that eager young gentleman, as he called loudly:

"Oh, I say, this is a pretty pickle! I'm caught! Can't you climb up and turn me loose?"

Then William W. heard the other voice from beyond the wall say, "Wait a minute." He heard a climbing noise, and the next there appeared another person at the top of the wall, or, to be exact, a pair of hands and the top of a tam-o'-shanter cap.

AT this very instant the dangling gentleman, in his paroxysms to turn himself loose, turned about and saw William W. He emitted a yell, the hands on top of the wall disappeared, and William W., stepping out from his hiding place, faced the man alone.

For a second there was silence. Then the dangling gentleman said hotly, "Who are you?"

"Nobody in particular, Mr. Cummings." The dangling gentleman groaned, and reached more wildly than ever for the top of the wall which he could not gain. "Cummings!" he shouted. "I'm not Mr. Cummings, you idiot! Take me down from here this moment, or I'll—"

"Steady!" said William W. coolly, stepping out a little way and snapping his camera at the man. "Thank you!"

"Confound you, what was that?" demanded the dangling one.

"Picture Number One, Sir," said William W. "And now to proceed!"

The dangling gentleman by this time had managed to get one foot on a projection of the wall, so that he did not hang quite so head downward as before and could shake his fist at William W. with quite a savage force back of the gesture. But still his knickerbockers held to the spike at the top of the wall. Indeed, had he released them, as he might have done, if he had been a little more supple, it would have been a dangerous operation, because he would have fallen backward, and a drop of seven or eight feet is no joke.

"I shouldn't try to get loose by myself, Mr. Cummings," said William W. calmly. "If you'll wait a moment, however, I'll help you down—perhaps."

"Help me down now, you confounded young rascal," roared the man on the wall, "or you'll be sorry!"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Mr. Cummings," said William W., "only I have a few questions to ask before doing it. Shall I begin?"

"Begin!" roared the man. "Haven't I told you I'm not Mr. Cummings?"

"No? Well, of course, if you say so; but in your conversation with Dr. Twombly just now I distinctly heard him call you by name, and—"

"I don't blame you for your expressed opinion of Dr. Twombly," said William W.

"I would say the same thing of a family physician who left me in the predicament you are in. But I dare say he has gone for help; so I will not detain you. Now that you have admitted that you are Mr. Cummings—"

"Well, suppose I am? You have papers to serve, I presume? If you will take me down from this—this ridiculous place, I will accept them. Come along."

"You wrong me, Mr. Cummings," said William W. "I have no papers to serve on you. Rather I serve a paper; but for myself I am a reporter, and I wish to interview you. Shall I begin, or had you rather have me fix that foot?—I see that you are slipping."

Without waiting for the other to speak, William W. gently took one of his ankles and placed the foot on a wider projection; so that Mr. Cummings—for now he had no doubt that this was the much sought magnate—had quite a comfortable support. Then, taking a notebook and a pencil from his pocket,—William W., being a cub reporter, carried these appurtenances,—he regained his place of advantage facing the dangling gentleman, and said:

"Now, let's hurry."
"Well, if I talk will you promise to release me in five minutes?"

"Less than that. I do not care to give Dr. Twombly time to get to your house and back with help. Two minutes will do. Question Number One: Are you going to appear in court, or are you going to keep away?"

"I refuse to answer, you contemptible, impudent young rascal, and if I was down there—"

"Question Number Two: Why are you afraid to tell what you know about the matters the Government wishes to ask you?"

"You confounded young— Here! Let's strike a bargain. If I tell you a few interesting things for your scandalous paper, will you take me down immediately?"

"I will. Go ahead,"

THEN get this exactly as I give it to you.

Wait, though. He raised himself by one hand so that, by a herculean effort, he could get a fleeting glimpse over the wall. His brow clouded as he fell back to his first position, and his teeth were set as he said, "By the Lord Harry! now I will!"

"Get a move on!" admonished William W., and Mr. Cummings continued:

"Many reasons prevent my appearing before the federal investigating committee at this time. The first is, that I have registered a solemn vow to beat my friend Dr. Twombly at least one game of golf before the season is done, and in my present kindergarten style it looks as though I would succeed in doing it about the time the snow flies. Got that?"

"Go on," said William W., writing rapidly. "The other reason is that unfortunately I have lost my commutation ticket to New York, and as I hate to spend money I shall remain here until the month is up, at least. What's that?"

William W. had clicked his camera again. "It's all right—just another picture," he said. "That makes five. Go on."

"One other reason is—" William W. looked up. The dangling magnate had paused and was listening. William W. thought he heard voices on the other side of the wall.

"Hold still!" he commanded, and the camera snapped again. "Now my film's full," he said. "I'll keep my word. Wait!" He ran to the foot of the wall, rose up, gave the feet of Mr. Cummings a hard push, and lifted with all his might. Over the wall went the magnate, and as his feet disappeared William W. streaked it—foolish green hat, cane, cigarette, and camera—down the road.

THEY were all sitting around the office of "The Globe" when he arrived, about eight o'clock. Jameson, the night city editor, was on; but a good many of the day staff were around, and the night boys had got the story of William W.'s assignment from them. So that everybody was ready to greet him with a whole souled guffaw when he came in, beaten.

He walked calmly into the room and threw his camera over on Jameson's desk. "Evening," said he, taking off his coat. "Few little pictures old Cyrus K. Cummings posed for this afternoon."

"Cummings!" shrieked Jameson. "You don't mean—"

"Posed for 'em, I said," was the reply.

"Tobey sent me up, you know." He was looking around for a typewriter desk. One near the city editor's throne was vacant. He sat at it carelessly, and was pulling up the lid when Jameson stood looking over his shoulder.

"Did I understand you to say you saw Cyrus K. Cummings?" he fairly shouted at

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